

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 26.

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LOT FOR SALE.

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Miscellany.

A Story of the House of Innes.

A TRUE TALE.

The laird John of Innes, was one whom Nature seemed to have intended for a life of perfect placidity and inaction. He was the second and youngest son of a very powerful chief, in one of the northern counties of Scotland. His father had preserved the character that had been early acquired by his ancestors for prowess in the field, expertise and enthusiasm in the chase; and that mixture of severity and liberality which made him an object of terror to his enemies, and secured a considerable influence over his devoted followers. Nor did his eldest son, the master of Innes, show any want of disposition to follow in his footsteps. He had naturally the same pride, the same desire of aggrandizement; and thought, with his father, that all that tract of land, whether wood or wild, that could be viewed from the hill of Benval, and all the inhabitants of it, were situated as they were for his peculiar service. He indeed showed occasionally a propensity to mingle with the lower associates that could be found in the neighbourhood, and even to add to the grossness of their indulgences; but this course, had he been allowed to pursue it, would have undoubtedly ended in that mature selfishness, of which he had frequently given large promise. John, on the other hand, had been from the first a weakly and indolent constitution, and while his elder brother was often a partaker of the fatigues of his father, he seemed to require the greater share of his mother's attention. She was indeed disappointed at his dull and unenterprising nature; for being a younger brother, she knew that to his activity and ambition he must be indebted for advancement in life. He seemed however never to comprehend that any exertion of any kind would become requisite. He lived in apparent ignorance of the intention of all the talk and stir, and undertakings that were going on around him. Not that he by any means did not enjoy himself; he would walk forth with much complacency, when supplied with a new dress characteristic of his clan; and his face would occasionally assume an air of brilliancy, when a haunch of venison, of a superior rotundity or promising colour and fragrance, was set on the table; or when the fruits which an old but well preserved orchard supplied, were presented, he might indulge in a question as to their particular kind. Still his enjoyments were unsocial;—he neither sought nor avoided company of any kind;—he seemed equally happy by the side of the river that flowed past, watching the motion of the waters or the gambols of the fishes, when the day was good; or, if winter or rain prevented this amusement, when seated in some unoccupied corner in almost total inaction. One idea he had however somehow or other secured, which, though never expressed, retained firm possession of his mind; this was, that he was in circumstances which placed him beyond any need of labour or thought, and accordingly every thing suggested to him in the way of remonstrance, counsel, or incentive, he received with perfect composure and silence.

The master of Innes, we have already noticed had been accustomed to mingle in those meetings where a great scope could be had for unlicensed frolic; and the only prerogative which he claimed on account of his birth, was that of an excess that would have been denied to his dependants.—One of these occasions had terminated in a dance, to which a considerable number of the surrounding peasantry had come, and among the rest, an aged but athletic man, who had been persuaded by his son and daughter to visit the festival. He was almost blind, having been deprived of one eye in some of those contests which were then so common, and having by age almost lost the sight of the other. As he stood, musing on the state in which he found himself, the young laird, in a wanton frolic, attempted to leap upon his shoulders. The suddenness as well as the violence of the motion, brought them both to the ground; and the head of the veteran having struck the hard floor, he was so enraged that in his fury he seized the laird, whose person indeed he did not recognise, and, uttering a savage yell, stabbed him with a dagger that he carried about his person.

The whole company immediately crowded round the wounded youth, who was the chief object of attention at the time; and when, a few moments after, they began to think of the perpetrator, it appeared that he had been hurried away by his son. The youth did not survive his wound many minutes; yet, in the midst of the consternation that ensued, there were no prompt means taken, either to secure the murderer or to inform the parents. The one was difficult, from the clumps of trees and ravines in the neighbourhood, as well as from the darkness of the night, the other, from a general unwillingness to bear tidings so un-

welcome. When at length the old laird was informed that his son was dead, he received the tidings with astonishment, that was changed into boundless fury, when he was told that the murderer had escaped. "Could none of you," he cried out, "traitors that you are, seize a wretch that had spilled the best blood of your clan? What serve your eyes or hands, when a blind old villain can grope his way better than you can follow? But, though the pursuit was now keenly commenced, the fugitives eluded their search. All night the chief continued his vain quest through every secluded dell or bushy spot, where he conceived concealment could have been effected. The night was dark and rainy, the morning which succeeded chill and misty, yet he still continued to wander about the country, accompanied by some of his dependants, whose grief for his loss began to be mingled with concern for his own excessive excitement and fatigue. But he persisted all the day in going from hill to hill, in passing through the swollen streams, and traversing woods, till the evening, when he was carried home almost faint with toil, and yet his grief and rage greatly increased. He refused all nourishment,—a fever of the severest kind seized him, and in three days John was laird of Innes.

The laird John was from the first an object of no consequence to his kinsmen, except as the possessor of the estate of Innes, and as such he was continually harassed by proposals for disposition, questions about the entail, and similar schemes, which gave him considerable annoyance, yet which he had not the firmness of mind to forbid. As he had declared his resolution never to marry, and was quite unwilling, and indeed unable also to perform the various duties, and engage in the exploits expected from the head of a clan, he had been prevailed upon to resign his title, and make a deed of the disposition of his estate to his next heir, Alexander Innes of Cromy. He thought that by so doing he was parting with the troublesome circumstances of his situation, at the same time he was securing to himself all the solid advantage. One great relief which he had expected from the measure, was that he should be no more troubled with schemes and arrangements about the succession. But his anticipations on this subject were sadly disappointed. The other relatives envied the preference that had been given to Cromy, and took every opportunity of expressing to John their dissatisfaction with his conduct. It was in vain that he represented that he had only done a little sooner what would take place at his death, thereby securing a peaceful entrance for his successor, and a quiet and peaceful life for himself. They asserted that the whole action was illegal, and that he had been miserably outwitted by a designing man, who could now hold his head higher than the poor fool who had raised him. The most deeply dissatisfied of these relatives was Robert Innes of Innesmarky, a man of a designing and resolute, but at the same time cruel disposition. He seemed to have attained the same kind of mastery over the mind of John, as that which is possessed in the case of some animals, that may be at first a matter of contest, but afterwards implicitly allowed in all cases. He eluded the laird with representations suited to his temper. The laird began to be hurt at his degradation; for he was proud, though not ambitious. He now disliked Cromy from the bottom of his heart; for, though he could not bear the trouble of his constant solicitations, he never anticipated, that as soon as his bond of disposition had been obtained, the whole of that family should have ceased to pay the slightest attention to him, more than if it had never laid them under the smallest obligation, and should commence a style of living so entirely different from what they had been accustomed to. "His house of Cromy held him well enough before," said John, "but now he must have his house in Aberdeen, and in the new town too—and his house in Edinburgh; he does not seem to know which of them is best for his always running from one to another." "I dare say," said Robert of Innesmarky, "he thinks Innes better than any of them; and as he'll soon have his other means consumed, he will be quite ready to devour Innes by the time he gets it. He will then be ready to live on a pension from the king—and who so great at court as my lord Cromy, as he thinks himself. He must be always riding through Edinburgh side by side with the right honourable my lord treasurer. He has had his son Robert (what made him call the weakly brat me!) introduced there, to be quite ready to bear his honours when he shall get them. It's for that too he keeps his son in such style at Aberdeen college. It was not thus, Innes, that your father lived—you cannot live in such style yourself. And I'm told he means soon to get you cognosed—you, whose only fault has been, that you have allowed him first to triumph over you, and now to mock you. I don't think you will have your choice of a dungeon somewhere about your own house, which we would never let you long remain in

—or a dungeon near the court, where your kind friend is revelling on your means." By these, and such representations and by continually plying him with large hopes and petty fears, Innesmarky had so wrought on the mind of the laird as to make him heartily ashamed and afraid of what he had done; and to bring him to enter into almost any scheme for retrieving what he now saw to be his lost consequence. Probably indeed he did not fully disclose all the nefarious designs with which he proposed that the laird should join him in an embassy to Cromy, who had gone on business to Aberdeen, and whose stay had been protracted by the weakly health of his son, then attending the college of that place. He only advised the laird to get some of his most trusty followers ready, as secretly as possible, and to meet him on the road towards Aberdeen.

It was but the second night after this proposal had been made, that young Robert of Cromy, after having spent a dull day, partly in the routine of college attendance, and partly wandering about the streets in listless musing, at length found himself seated by a brisk fire, with all his books and exercises around him. He had been removed from the vicinity of the college to his father's house, in the new town, a circumstance which had become known to his relations by the frequent messengers which his father sent home to give information concerning his health. There had that day arrived letters from his mother, which the father, after having perused, had, before going to rest, left in the hands of his son, with an advice to look them over. The young man's spirits had risen during their perusal, and, after having weighed the affectionate dictates of his mother, he had taken up a book. His perusal of the acute distinctions of logic were ever interrupted by the busy imagination presenting him with thoughts of his home, of the sunny days which, in the happy buoyancy of good health, he had there spent—when suddenly a voice, reminding him of the strong air and rude habits of his kinsmen, uttered a loud shout in the court. He started up, and looking from the window could discern only a party of men mounted on horses, painting apparently with a long journey; and several of them rushing from one side of the court to another with noise and clamour. Suddenly a number of them raised the war-cry, "Help! a Gordon! a Gordon!" the gathering word of the clan, who were then at feud with the Forbeses. He was then proceeding to alarm his father, but he had also heard the sound, and being deeply interested in the Gordon cause, was rushing out of the room in his shirt, and immediately hurried down stairs, telling Robert to be sure to wait in his room. As his father was undoing the heavy bolts, with which, in these days of danger, the secured each of the double doors with which they guard their houses, he heard one below the window say—"That's better than breaking the door; MacInch can't have done it with his best axe in less than half an hour; and by that time we would have had all the town about our ears." He immediately suspected deceit, and was rushing to inform his father; but he found his father had with a kind intention locked the door on the outside. He hurried back to the window—at the door his father was standing calling out what was the matter, to which he received no answer. But Innesmarky knowing Cromy's voice, and clearly discerning him by his shirt, levelled a gun at him, and shot him dead. Robert uttered a shriek, and hurried to the door. Immediately a ball shattered the window where he had been standing, and pierced the wall on the other side. He was battering the door with the attempt to break it, when an aged servant of his father's came to him, crying, "Haste! my boy, haste! my son. They have killed your father—nearer of kin than they should be: when they killed the father, they will have no mercy on the son;"—and taking him up in his aged but powerful arms, he conveyed him, by a back door, through the garden, and forth at a door in it seldom used, he carried him to a place of shelter at some distance.

While the son was thus conveyed, the enactment of the cruel tragedy was proceeding in the court. No sooner had the Cromy fallen, than a number of Innesmarky's attendants rushed upon him, savagely thrusting their daggers into the now insensible corpse. The laird John stood by trembling at the sight, his face bedewed with a cold sweat, and his unsteady features moving up and down in the light of the torches, with an expression of uneasiness and horror. Innesmarky was near him watching his motions; at one time, with something like suspicion, and again looking at the murdered man, as if his triumph lay there. John was turning away from the spectacle, whereupon Innesmarky, thinking he relented, and was perhaps meditating his escape from the scene, seized his hand, which trembled with agitation of mind, and in a prompt and cruel tone, ordered him also to stab Cromy. John shuddered at the thought, and was almost ready to cry with fear when Innesmarky pulled him from

his horse, and dragging him to the body of the dead man, drew a dirk from it, and menaced to serve him in the same way, if he did not also partake in the action. The forlorn man could hardly hold the weapon in his hand; but his stern kinsman, pressing his fingers to the hilt, dashed it into the breast of Cromy, and some of the blood of the best and bravest that bore his name, having sprung upon the fingers of John, Innesmarky gave a meeting laugh, and told him he was now a baptized murderer.

They then burst into the house to search for Robert. When it was found that he had fled, Innesmarky uttered loud complaints, mingled with outcries. He declared that the work was but half done, and offered five hundred crowns to any one that should bring the head of the youth. "What the better are we for this deed?" he said, "unless indeed we could get the bond out of the hands of her who lives at Cromy. Who will attempt that now?" While he was agitating this matter, it occurred to him that he might in this case use craft better than force. He ordered one of Cromy's servants, whom he before knew, and obliged him also to stab the dead man. He took him to a private apartment, and by using both threats and promises, he brought the man to comply. He got him mounted on Cromy's favourite horse, and taking the silver ring from the dead man's hands, sent him off with these credentials to seek the box which contained the bond; as if for Cromy: "You will come to Kennardy," he said, when he had got him mounted; "and now, Dugald Mack, if you bring the box to-night you shall have what I promised. If you don't—expect to-morrow—and he touched his dagger as a signal of his intentions, which Dugald seemed perfectly to understand; and setting spurs to his horse, galloped off.

"Nothing wrong, I hope," said the Lady of Cromy, as she hurried out to meet what seemed to be a messenger from her husband, but whose agitated manner, and the exhausted state of the horse that carried him, gave no favourable sign of a welcome answer to the question. "No, nothing wrong, I suppose; only my master has sent for the oak box that was in the power of the general and most sure expected right, and as he was aided by Huntly, who was supposed to be privy to the enterprise, he was in the course of five weeks, possessed of Innes by a disposition from the laird John. The laird John and Innesmarky might have retained Innes all their lives, and left their dependants in the honour—had not justice been quickened in her tardy pace by interest. For Robert, having gone to live for some time in the house of his father's friend, the Lord (treasurer) Elphinstone, he there became strongly attached to the eldest daughter of that nobleman. It would not be doing justice to the elegant memorials of their affections to introduce, at the end of our history, any account of the various joys and difficulties, confidences, and jealousies, of the loves of the high-born maid and distressed but hopeful youth, seeing they would well merit to be made the subject of a special narrative. Suffice it to say, that though their love was, at first, discontinued by the wise treasurer, yet, as soon as he obtained the king's support to repossess Robert in the estate of Innes, he entered cordially into the views of the young chief. The contest between the adherents of Innesmarky and the king's troops was indeed bloody, but neither long nor doubtful, and in a few days after it commenced, the banner of Robert of Cromy floated over the walls of Innes. The laird John made an attempt to escape, but was speedily brought back to his original abode, and there kept as a sort of spectacle illustrative of the triumph. As for Innesmarky he fled to the hills, where, after having lived for a while as a fugitive, he became tired of that sort of life, and endeavoured to secure himself in a retreat of difficult access in the houses of Edinglassy. His situation being discovered, Ronald, with a number of the most violent of the clan, came suddenly upon the house and forced an entrance. In a secluded apartment, that more resembled the den of a wild beast, than a human abode, Ronald found Innesmarky, his grey eyes still retaining their wonted cruel fire, and his hand grasping a rusty sword, with which he aimed a violent blow at the intruder. But youthful activity was in this case too much for aged strength, for slain was Innesmarky, and his hoary head cut off and taken by the widow of Cromy to Edinburgh, and cast at the king's feet, a thing, as our original historian quaintly observes, too masculine to be commended in a woman. Robert was thus established in security in Innes, and became the ancestor of a progeny wise and beautiful, while Ronald Innes, for having ventured alone upon the desperate Innesmarky, was long remembered by the clan under a name corresponding to the appellation of "Ronald, the brave of perils."

said you were going to Aberdeen? and why do you tremble when I ask you these questions? Dugald indeed trembled, partly with terror and partly with rage; and, pulling a dagger from his side, he aimed a blow at Ronald, which, had it taken effect, would have precluded further questioning; but Ronald so sprang back from the blow, that it missed striking him, and ere Dugald could aim another, he was seized by the wrist, and after a struggle of a few minutes, the dagger was sent into his own person. Immediately after, he dropped from the horse, and Ronald, taking his seat on the saddle, not a little horror-struck at the deed which he had committed, considered what was now to be done. As that age was but too familiar with blood, and he did not see that he had been guilty of any crime, he rode back to Cromy, and telling the lady what he had done, and that he suspected there was something very sad had happened, he delivered the box into her hands.

While the lady was in much confusion for the act of Ronald, and in not a little apprehension about her husband, another servant of the house rode up—related the dismal tragedy that had taken place at Aberdeen—and added, that no time was to be lost, as he feared Innesmarky and his party were now on the way to Cromy. The mind of woman is singularly capable of suspending for a while the emotions and expressions of even the strongest passion; and the grief which she was so bitterly to feel as a widow, was suppressed for a time by the anxiety for the safety and future honours of her son. She lost no time therefore in vain lamentations; but taking with her the box containing the title-deeds, and accompanied by many of her attendants as she could instantly muster, she set off for the same place of safety as that to which her son had been conveyed. Innesmarky was bitterly disappointed when he came up a few hours afterwards, and found Dugald, whom he had bribed with a large sum, lying dead by the roadside; and still more so, when, on forcing his entrance into Cromy, he found the house deserted, and the box containing the title-deeds carried off. Yet, as in the power of the general and most sure expected right, and as he was aided by Huntly, who was supposed to be privy to the enterprise, he was in the course of five weeks, possessed of Innes by a disposition from the laird John.

The laird John and Innesmarky might have retained Innes all their lives, and left their dependants in the honour—had not justice been quickened in her tardy pace by interest. For Robert, having gone to live for some time in the house of his father's friend, the Lord (treasurer) Elphinstone, he there became strongly attached to the eldest daughter of that nobleman. It would not be doing justice to the elegant memorials of their affections to introduce, at the end of our history, any account of the various joys and difficulties, confidences, and jealousies, of the loves of the high-born maid and distressed but hopeful youth, seeing they would well merit to be made the subject of a special narrative. Suffice it to say, that though their love was, at first, discontinued by the wise treasurer, yet, as soon as he obtained the king's support to repossess Robert in the estate of Innes, he entered cordially into the views of the young chief. The contest between the adherents of Innesmarky and the king's troops was indeed bloody, but neither long nor doubtful, and in a few days after it commenced, the banner of Robert of Cromy floated over the walls of Innes. The laird John made an attempt to escape, but was speedily brought back to his original abode, and there kept as a sort of spectacle illustrative of the triumph. As for Innesmarky he fled to the hills, where, after having lived for a while as a fugitive, he became tired of that sort of life, and endeavoured to secure himself in a retreat of difficult access in the houses of Edinglassy. His situation being discovered, Ronald, with a number of the most violent of the clan, came suddenly upon the house and forced an entrance. In a secluded apartment, that more resembled the den of a wild beast, than a human abode, Ronald found Innesmarky, his grey eyes still retaining their wonted cruel fire, and his hand grasping a rusty sword, with which he aimed a violent blow at the intruder. But youthful activity was in this case too much for aged strength, for slain was Innesmarky, and his hoary head cut off and taken by the widow of Cromy to Edinburgh, and cast at the king's feet, a thing, as our original historian quaintly observes, too masculine to be commended in a woman. Robert was thus established in security in Innes, and became the ancestor of a progeny wise and beautiful, while Ronald Innes, for having ventured alone upon the desperate Innesmarky, was long remembered by the clan under a name corresponding to the appellation of "Ronald, the brave of perils."

Those accustomed in childhood to curb and deny their little appetites and passions, will be best able to struggle with and surmount the passions and appetites of their riper years.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBERO, Editor.

BUFFALO, MARCH 24, 1855.

To our Patrons.

This number of *The Age of Progress*, completes the half year which we promised to continue its publication, whether it proved a paying enterprise or not. Thus we have fulfilled our first engagement. Now for the second.

The friends of the cause of spiritualism, in this city, have determined to lend us their aid, both influential and material, to place the establishment on a firm and permanent foundation, so that none hereafter need fear to send us their subscriptions and advance payments. Of this fact we could, if necessary, give ample evidence. But, inasmuch as we have not deceived those who have kindly favored us with their patronage, from the commencement to the present time, we think we may justly claim their confidence in our integrity for the future.

Those who have taken the paper since its commencement, and who will be pleased to continue their subscriptions, will please to manifest their intentions by sending us whatever remittance (whether for the next six months or the next year) their liberality and convenience may suggest. We shall send the next number to all of them, and hope to hear from them before the second number of the latter half of the year shall be published. We expect to be enabled to enlarge the paper to the size of 24 by 36 inches, and to provide paper of a superior quality to print it on, in the course of the month of April. The subscription price will not be raised from what it is now, as we shall depend upon increased patronage to meet the extra expenses. And we shall appeal to all who are friendly to the reforms and principles which we advocate, to aid us with their influence to extend the circulation of the paper. There is, probably, no one of our subscribers who cannot procure for us another subscriber; and although we may not claim such favor on the score of personal merit, we hope and trust that the cause in which we labor will be a sufficiently powerful plea to induce them to exercise their influence to that amount. Let it be distinctly understood that, although our journal is published at Buffalo, it is not at all local in its character. Its field of labor is co-extensive with the whole country, and its home is in every State and every locality.

We shall make known our whole plan of operations for the future, in an early subsequent number.

What is Perjury?

Our lexicographers give, as the general definition: "A false oath or swearing." This definition stands unconnected with any other, and is the most correct. It is the most correct, and without reference to the crime which the law thus characterizes. The same authority gives the law definition, which is: "A wilful false oath, taken in a court of justice, by a witness lawfully required to depose the truth." In both of these cases, the man swears in presence of Almighty God, with his right hand on the Bible, that what he says, or is about to say, is the truth. When he has the oath administered to him by the clerk of a court, on the witness stand, he places himself within the jurisdiction of the criminal law, which imposes upon him a penalty which disqualifies him from becoming a witness in any court thereafter, adding other disqualifications, takes away his liberty, and sends him to the State penitentiary to labor for a term of years for the State, and fixes a stigma upon his character of which he can never divest himself.

Why has such a law as this been enacted? It is because the legislature supposed there would be men so base in their moral nature that they would not speak the truth unless some great terror should be suspended over their heads to prevent them from swearing falsely. If all men were moral, conscientious, honorable and truthful, no such law would be required; indeed no oath would be necessary. Conscience and honor would then be a sufficient guaranty that all testimony given by men would be true, and no law would be required on the subject save that which would be necessary to compel witnesses to appear and give evidence when required. Hence it is plain that the penalties which the law attaches to perjury, are for none other than those who are destitute of moral integrity, conscience and honor. The man who has these, if required to swear, either in a court of justice or any where else, would swear to the truth as well without the terror of the law as with it, because he has a law within himself which will not allow him to swear from the truth. And as there is no other difference between swearing to a fact in court or out of court, but the penalty, he who would swear falsely out of court, would as readily swear falsely in court, if he could be certain of evading the punishment. This proposition we take to be self-evident.

Now, without going into any discussion concerning the expediency or inexpediency, propriety or impropriety, of secret societies, let us suppose there is such a society, and that a man of full age and in his right mind, applies to become a member of it. Let us suppose that he has been recommended by some friend who is a member of said society, as one in whom implicit confidence may be placed; that his application has been submitted to a committee of the society; that they have sought information concerning his character, and become convinced that he is a man of honor and integrity; that he was voted for in the society and elected as a member; that he comes to the ante-room of the society and

there undergoes an examination as to his principles; that he is informed fully and particularly of all the objects aimed at by the said society, and all that would ever be required of him is told to him; that he has the oath which he is to take, if he enter the inner temple, read and fully explained to him; that he is told that he is at liberty, if he have any objection to take upon himself such an obligation, to withdraw his application and go about his business; that he voluntarily prefers to proceed, and does proceed, to be initiated and to take the obligation as before made known to him; and that he, afterwards, on being nominated to some office, in a locality where the said secret society is unpopular, volunteers to repudiate the fraternity of which he is a member, with all its principles of action and its aims, and to divulge all the secrets of the order which his solemn oath and sacred honor bound him to keep undivulged, and that he does so repudiate and divulge, in violation of his said oath and pledged honor, and that no other necessity compelled him to the act of treachery but the prospect of being elected to said office; if he were to a falsehood in a court of justice? Is he not really more guilty than he would be if he were to swear in a court, in case of the criminal prosecution of a friend, when the truth would send that friend to the State prison, where he would be made no better, and a falsehood would save him, and he should choose the latter alternative? In the latter case, he answers, yes or no, under the compulsory process of law and sympathy, which, *per se*, is holy, induces the falsehood. In the former case, all is voluntary, from beginning to end, and he stands a wilfully perjured man, without an extenuating circumstance—without even a plea that he was deceived in any way whatever. What jury, after such an act of treachery and perjury, would believe such a man under oath? What honorable man would not despise such a character and shun him as he would a pestilence? Let conscience and honor answer.

Let us add our sentiments on a single secret society. The new party called "The American Party," by some, and "Know Nothings," by others, is said to be an organization, with secret words and signs, for protection against espionage, or to prevent disorder from an admixture of conflicting principles and sentiments, requiring the obligation of an oath, binding them to the performance of certain duties and to the observance of secrecy, but in no way compromising their integrity to the constitution of the United States or to that of the State of which they are citizens, nor in any wise interfering with their religious principles or conventional obligations. Allowing these to be the important features of the organization, there is nothing in which any outside citizen has any right to interfere or find fault with. Still it is our own opinion that they would better subvert the ends of political reform, and more certainly accomplish the objects in view, by throwing off the veil of secrecy and taking their stand upon their own adopted platform, openly and boldly before the world. It is evident enough that those persons who are not bound to adopted rules of conduct by innate integrity and honor, will pay no regard to an extra-judicial oath. Where oaths of integrity and secrecy are not required, there can be no perjury; and no essential prejudice can result from treachery. Let these sentiments be taken *ad valorem*.

Commendatory.

If we may be allowed a word of egotism, we will use the privilege in the declaration that we are, in our own opinion, about as free as most of our cotemporaries from self-conceit and vanity. We will frankly admit that the approbation of men who possess intelligent and elevated minds, is as grateful to our feelings as it could be to those whose self-esteem is thrice as prominent, although humility will not suffer us to appropriate their approbatory sentiments as our due.

We might, if we chose to do so, fill columns with complimentary notes, received from time to time, since the commencement of our enterprise; but we have thought it unbecoming to be the herald of our own praise. This being the last number of our first half year, and we being desirous that those who have patronized us should continue to do so, we have concluded to publish the subjoined note, that others may see the reasons which one man gives for continuing his subscription. Were it proper for us to append his signature, his character for capability of discrimination would give much additional weight to the influence of the sentiments expressed, with all who know him: ROCHESTER, March 19, 1855.

S. ALBERO, Esq.
DEAR SIR:—Please find inclosed three dollars for renewal of subscriptions for the *Age of Progress* for the ensuing six months. The names are those furnished before by me.

Allow me to state that your paper gives good satisfaction, being highly prized for its mainly tone, sound philosophy, good common sense and noble aims. Rest assured that this expression of approval is honestly spoken, and has no other object than to give a slight tribute of respect and encouragement to an enterprise deserving of the highest commendation.

Yours respectfully,

JESUITICAL SPIRITS.—There are vastly more of them in the low spheres of the spirit world than there are in the rudimental sphere; and they are as bigoted, intolerant and false there as they are here. Hence the thousands of falsehoods received through mundane media, designed to bring reproach upon spiritualism and give force to the objections of skeptics.

Christian Idolatry.

Throughout Christendom, the most prominent cause of human miseries, is Christian idolatry. Reader, do not start at the idea that idolatry is prevalent in christian countries. Remember that any worship other than that of Almighty God, is idolatry. There is ten times more worshipping of idols, at this moment, in all christian communities, than there is worshipping of the only living and true God. Now, if we prove this to be true, what should christians think of themselves when they make large donations to be published in sectarian journals, to pay expenses of missionaries to go to the opposite side of the globe to win heathen nations from the worship of the Sun, whilst they not only do not pay a penny towards the reformation of the idolaters of their own country, but actually encourage them continually in the abominable practice, and even join with them in their heathen devotions?

Let it not be understood that we consider christianity and idolatry as having any similarity of character or affinity of principle. Far from it. On the contrary, true christianity is as much the opposite of idolatry as truth is the opposite of falsehood—as God is the opposite of Mammon. True christianity is the religion founded and taught by Jesus Christ and promulgated by his apostles and early followers. Heathen idolatry was the enemy which he and they encountered and valiantly did battle against; and had the christian religion retained its primeval and vital purity, to this day, we should not now have to complain of the human miseries occasioned by Christian idolatry.

There is one remarkable difference between heathen and christian idolaters, in which exculpatory circumstances greatly favor the heathen. The Phenicians, Carthaginians and Babylonians, honestly, though ignorantly, bowed at the shrine of Baal, believing that they were worshipping the God of Heaven. In like manner, succeeding generations, in the same countries, and in other dark regions of the earth, have continued, and do continue, to the present day, worshipping that bright luminary which presents to their external senses all the attributes of deity which they are capable of comprehending. The Sun addresses itself to their unenlightened minds as the source of all comforts and blessings which they receive; and in the absence of a more rational philosophy, what can be more reasonable than the devotion which they pay to him? Honestly and faithfully they render to the only deity which they are capable of appreciating or comprehending, the homage which they believe to be his due. God sees their error, and at the same time he must behold, with approbation, the honesty of these intentions and the purity of their motives. He beholds that type of his beneficence mistaken for himself, and he winks at the ignorance which causes the unintentional idolatry.

Throughout christendom, a better philosophy and a more rational theism have been promulgated, and christendom have received what has been called the new dispensation; and the true God has been revealed to them, in all his beauty and loveliness. The light of divine truth has been shed abroad throughout those nations; but nowhere on earth has that light shone with greater lustre, or been received more generally, than it has in the United States of America. To the people of this country, then, let our farther remarks be confined.

With all the light of revealed religion and all the truths which a constantly progressing philosophy has developed, nine-tenths, if not nineteen-twentieths, of us are idolaters. The spirit of selfishness which has been continually cherished here ever since the birth of the nation, has set up in the hearts of the people a false deity; and the temples in which this national idol is worshipped, are everywhere present and almost innumerable. Mammon, alias Wealth, is the all-engrossing idol which turns the hearts of this people from the worship of the true God, and receives their unremitting adoration. The temples in which this deity is worshipped, are to be found in all localities. They sometimes take the shape of great ships, sometimes that of splendid dwelling houses, sometimes that of banks, and sometimes that of superb edifices, ostensibly erected for the worship of the true God, into which the votaries of Mammon enter, with pompous mien, and seat themselves in pews gorgeously trimmed and cushioned, all around them ignoring the message which Jesus sent to John, informing him that: "To the poor the gospel is preached."

The human sacrifices which are made to this christian idol of our country, would, if they could be all exhibited to mortal gaze, as they are exposed to the view of supra-mundane intelligence, present a picture a thousand times more horrifying than all that were ever offered to Moloch, the God of the Ammonites. Whilst the latter were few in number, and their sufferings but momentary, the former are counted by tens of millions, and their sufferings are protracted through life. All the power which the devotees of this idol of our country can wield through the instrumentality of money, and all the influence which they can exercise through cunning devices, sophistry and fraudulent practices, are brought to bear upon the unwary and unsophisticated, to furnish sacrifices for their deity and make his reign perpetual.

The social system which has been established in this country, is Mammonian in all its features. The laws by which we are governed are of the same character. The earth, which is said to be the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and which should be the equal inheritance of all his human children, is monopolized by the worshippers at the shrine of Mammon. By authority of law, in some parts of the country, a single worshipper of that idol is enabled to seize upon the persons of a thousand victims

and make them sacrifices, not for the brief moment of the death struggle, like those who are thrust into the brazen and fiery arms of Moloch, but for a whole lifetime of the most abject and soul-torturing slavery.

My authority of law, and by means of the pelf which the law enables them to wring from the earnings of honest labor, other devotees, in all parts of the country, are enabled to lay hands on the soil and say to their less cunning but more conscientious countrymen: "Stand off! thou shalt not set thy foot on this portion of God's earth, for it is mine! Go thy way and seek thy sustenance somewhere else. Here thou shalt not till unless thou tollest for me." Now the applicant for leave to till, dare not set his foot on any part of the one hundred, the five hundred, or the one thousand acres of earth which this devotee of Mammon possesses, because the laws of the country give him a monopoly of all the soil that he can cover with the fruits of his extortion and cunning device. Everywhere he meets the same reception; for the whole face of the earth is divided among those monopolizers, and he has no right anywhere on earth, although he is a legitimate child of the common Father of the human race, and has, naturally, as good a right to draw his sustenance from the bountiful bosom of his mother earth as any of his monopolizing brethren. So it fares with nineteen-twentieths of God's children, under all such social organizations and laws as those by which this country is governed. And they are necessitated to submit to the terms imposed, and to toil for the pittance which Avarice, that high priest of Mammon, sees fit to dole out to them. Penury, pinching poverty, destitution, gnawing hunger, and starvation itself, are the lot of those who have not bowed to the idol. So it is in all the other departments of our social system.—Those who do not worship the true God in spirit and in truth, but devote their whole souls to the worship of the idol, fare sumptuously every day, whilst the toiling millions are made living sacrifices, and die daily whilst they live, being crucified from hour to hour, till death puts an end to their sufferings. Oh! how much more merciful to be clasped in the fiery arms of Moloch, and pass from the scenes of earthly torture in a moment! Oh! give us—if we must have one—give us the sincere worship of Baal, rather than the hypocritical worship of the true God, and the real worship of Mammon. Rather let us be sacrificed to a burning Moloch than be made a living and lingering sacrifice to the less merciful God of wealth.

The discussion in Cleveland.

So voluminous is the report of this oral discussion that we have not thought it expedient to fill our columns with it, as we could, at best, but give imperfect and unintelligible abstracts. Nor do we generally approve of those pitched battles, as we have rarely witnessed any other result from them but dogged stubbornness and a foregone determination, on both sides, not to surrender a prejudice nor give up a point. The discussion will be published in pamphlet form, and all those who have the necessary gusto and leisure to read it, can have the privilege for the price of the pamphlet.

There were numerous facts introduced by the affirmative party, to be digested and accounted for on mundane principles, by Prof. MAHAN. Among the rest, there was the following, which we find noted in the *Spiritual Telegraph*:

Mr. Rehn said: As a specimen of the facts introduced by the affirmers of spiritualism, and unexplained by the theory of Prof. M., we give the following, which was offered by Mr. Rehn:

"Now I wish to present to your consideration another important fact which came under my own observation, and the truth of which I can vouch for. A lady with whom I became acquainted—Mrs. Thompson, of Philadelphia—being one day in New York, a spirit came to her—as they came daily and almost hourly—and said, 'I wish you to take the Harlem railroad cars this afternoon.' 'Well,' said she, 'what shall I do that for?' 'No matter,' answered the spirit, 'do as I direct you, and it will be right.' She was in a strange place, knew nothing about any other street but Broadway, and did not even know where the railroad was, but in obedience to the direction, she went to the station and got into the cars. A short time after she had started, the spirit told her that some six or seven miles distant there was a place at which she must stop, where she would receive further directions. At some seven miles from the city the cars stopped at a station, and she was directed to leave them. This was also a strange place to her. She then inquired, 'what shall I do now?' The spirit directed her to go along a certain street, and following that direction for a square or two, the spirit then pointed out a house, giving the number of the house and the names of its residents. She went to the door and asked if such a person lived there, and was answered in the affirmative. She then asked if she could see the lady of the house (whose name I have forgotten), and was answered that she could not, as she was sick. When the door was opened the spirit took possession of her and spoke through her to the husband of the lady. She insisted so strongly upon seeing her, that a lady who was in the house told her she would go up and ask the two physicians, who were momentarily expecting her death, if she could be admitted. Having given their consent, she went up where the lady was lying and commenced making involuntary manipulations upon her. In fifteen or twenty minutes that lady was so far restored that danger was over. She attended her for an hour or two, gave the necessary directions for the future, and that lady recovered."

Annual Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

We have received, from our esteemed friend, V. M. Rice, Esq., State Superintendent, his report to the Legislature, transmitted to that Honorable body, Jan. 6th, 1855. The report appears to be ably gotten up, covering 121 large octavo pages, and presents our state educational system in a highly prosperous condition. For the information of those of our readers who may not see the report, we make the following extracts, which present the most interesting statistical information:

The number of children between the ages of four and twenty-one years, reported from the several school districts for the year ending December 31, 1854, was 1,186,709, being an increase over the number reported for the previous year of 36,177.

The whole number of children taught in the public schools, as reported was, 877,201.

The number attending the 1,501 private schools was, 34,279.

Add to these the number attending the 30 schools for colored children, 4,568.

And the number attending academies, as stated in the report of the Regents of the University, 37,406.

And we have a total attendance in the State of 953,454.

Deducting this number from the whole number of children, as above mentioned, and estimating the minor students attending colleges as equivalent to academic pupils over 21 years of age, and there remain, as not having attended any school, in 1853, 233,255—being a fraction less than 20 per cent. of the whole number.

If from this number the farther deduction be made of those between the ages of four and six, who might have been justly considered too young to attend school, and of those between sixteen and twenty-one years of age, who had completed their school course, it is believed that the number of children neglecting instruction altogether was comparatively small.

The number of children reported as attending school during the entire year was

For 10 months and less than 12	13,591
8 do do do	24,174
6 do do do	71,193
4 do do do	128,206
2 do do do	177,957
Less than 2 months	212,110
	199,155
	844,386

The number of volumes in the district libraries was 1,572,270, a diminution from the previous year of 31,940. Taken in connection with the fact that over \$43,000 were expended for libraries during the same period, this presents a striking commentary upon the inaccuracy of the reports.

The schools of the State were visited during the year 1854 by the several town and city superintendents 20,558 times, averaging one and three-fourths times to each school. Considering that all schools have two, and many four terms in each year, it will be seen that this supervision is, at the best, merely nominal. And yet from the best information in the possession of this department, it costs the people of the State about \$75,000.

The amount of money received by the districts, besides library money, for the year 1853, as reported by the trustees, was,

Collected by district taxes,	\$1,246,692 19
Received from local funds,	285,365 25
Paid for teacher's wages in colored schools, besides public money,	21,647 67
Collected by tax for children exempted,	1,360 38
do rate bills for teachers' wages,	36,753 24
do for deficiencies in rate bills,	330,190 93
	13,874 93
	\$1,929,884 49

The amount of public money expended for district libraries was \$43,657.06.

For purchasing school house sites, \$44,995 07 || building school houses, | 290,283 89 |
hiring do	11,139 57
repairing do	102,095 24
insuring do	3,991 10
purchasing fuel,	98,813 08
book-cases and school apparatus,	11,414 76
other purposes,	130,335 10
	\$693,067 81

Adding these several items it appears that the whole amount expended for school purposes, for 1853, was \$2,666,609.36.

The amount expended in 1852, for the same purposes, was \$2,469,248.52.

The amount received by the town superintendents for the year 1854, as per their reports, was \$1,656,993 37.

Apportioned for teachers' wages, \$1,316,935 11.

do libraries, 47,654 06.

\$1,364,589 17.

Leaving unapportioned, \$292,404 20.

THE OLDEST CITIZEN.—This venerable gentleman avers, without the least hesitation, that this is, and has uniformly been, the coldest March that he has ever seen during his pilgrimage on this planet. He further says that it was a very unfortunate circumstance that the Moon changed at midnight, her bearing at that time, being due north, whence all the cold weather comes.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra,	per bbl.	\$10.50@11.00
" com. to good, West'n,	"	9.00@9.50
" per sack,	"	4.62@5.25
Black wheat flour per cwt	"	4.50
Indian meal,	"	1.75
Pork, new	\$14.50	old, "\$14
" prime,	"	11.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt	"	\$5.00
Fish, white,	"	8.25
" hlf "	"	4.25
Salt, fine,	"	2.00
" coarse,	"	2.25
" trout,	"	8.00
" hlf "	"	4.25
Eggs,	per doz.	30 @ 25
Butter,	per lb.	20 @ 25
Honey,	"	13 @ 15
Cheese,	"	2 @ 10c.
Blackberries, dried,	"	10
Plums,	"	12 1/2
Cherries,	"	12 1/2 @ 15
Currants,	"	6 1/2
Corn,	per bush.	67 @ 67
Flax seed,	"	1.00 @ 1.35
Clover,	"	7.00
Timothy,	"	2.75 @ 3.50
Oats,	"	40 @ 42
Apples, dried,	"	1.25
" green,	"	50 @ 75
Potatoes,	"	87 @ 1.00
Onions,	"	75 @ 87
Dressed Chickens per lb	"	9c
" Turkeys "	"	10c

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A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL TREATMENT, without Medicine of Spasmodic or Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Languor, Irritability, the Limbs and Back, Indisposition and Incapacity for study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Head Ache, Involuntary Discharges, Pains in the Side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmities in Man.

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for March, Putnam's Monthly for March, Illustrated London news of Feb 10, and other late Publications are received at the Literary Depot in the Post Office.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of sixteen lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

There is a somewhat remarkable circumstance connected with the reception of the following lecture, from the spirit of Professor DAYTON. Some ten days ago, being at the house of Mr. BROOKS, after receiving a communication from some spirit, we were speaking of the philosophical lectures of Prof. D., when I expressed a wish that he would give us a lecture on the rappings and spiritual intercourse generally. It seems that he was present, though unknown to us, for, when he commenced this lecture, which he gave through Miss Brooks alone, he observed to her that the lecture which he was about to give, was in compliance with a wish which he had heard me express. This is evidence that nothing passes among us which is unnoticed by the spirits of departed friends. And what an impressive lesson should this be to us all, to so regulate our conversation and our conduct that we may not grieve those pure disembodied minds who are constantly hovering around us and endeavoring, by every good influence which they can exert, to make us like themselves, and prepare us to take an elevated position in the life which awaits us at the end of a few more days journey.

Lecture No. 8.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

THE RAPPINGS.

The subject of spiritual intercourse, is one of vast and inconceivable moment. It is a subject which acknowledges the principle of an unceasing and an eternal progression, and follows the soul upward and onward, until it is apparently lost in the vortex of immortal wisdom and glory, which flows from the Omnipotent Mind, and permeates the immeasurable universe. For ages, the human mind has entertained the most profound and solemn reverence for the Bible. It has been regarded as intrinsically holy, every sentence being a direct reflex of Deity. Those minds who have rejected the Bible as the fixed and immovable standard of all thought and action, are called infidels and heretics. Every age is bringing forth from some hidden source, laws and principles heretofore hidden from the knowledge and comprehension of men.

It is but a brief period of time since the rappings were discovered, and by that simple word, the world has become aroused to an investigation of those pure and holy laws, which prove that the souls of men live in a better world. Yet many, very many, well and scientifically developed minds, abhor those raps. But what is it that often makes the heart beat quickly when that familiar rap is heard at the door? Why do the impulses of the heart bid the corner welcome? because that single rap perhaps was made by a fond friend who claims a place within the affections and sympathies of those with whom it seeks to associate. Perhaps it is a father or mother, brother or sister, son or daughter, who seeks the cottage door, for a quiet and an affectionate interview with their child, sister, father, mother or friend. They open their inmost heart to the loved one and drink at sympathy's pure font. Then why detest the same familiar raps, whether made upon the door, table or otherwise? What is there so inherently evil in the raps made upon the table, when they manifest the same intelligence and affection as they do when made by the physical hand, upon your door. Is it because your thoughts seek the lonely grave when contemplating the soul of your departed friends? And does the grave contain bitter fears, which fill your soul with dread, at the happy thought that your friend still associates with you, breathing into your soul lofty themes of thought, and portrays to your understanding the beauties and glories of its immortal home? If this is it, then reflect and study deeply the immutable laws of your own being, which are the controlling and ultimate influence of the eternal mind, when borne to higher spheres of development. When you listen to the raps, produced by an invisible agency, and that, invisible intelligence proves or identifies itself to be your departed friend, and if your soul quails with fear at this simple sound, think that the same emotions of the interior qualities are manifested by the little rap, though now more perfectly and wisely unfolded, and that the spirit will not harm you, but yearns to tell you of its eternal individuality, to remind you of a happy reunion in the spirits' immortal home. For into the deepest bosom of the undeveloped spirit, there flows a sweet and tranquil light which seems the very elements of life itself; so pure and so holy, yet exhilarating is its breath; and as this light sinks down into the deep recesses of the heart and expands its influence through the interior qualities of the mind, the germ of the spiritual being unfolds and expands, and is ultimately into a more glorious perfection. The soul, like the flowers, if smothered or confined in darkness, ceases to expand and unfold its interior properties; but when brought forth to the radiating and cheering influence of universal nature, its petals begin to open and unfold in all the freshness and beauty of its immortal birth.—The immortal soul feels not the cold and withering influence of earth, but grows purer and more beautiful as it advances through the stages of development to eternity. Those simple raps are the same familiar sounds, seeking for a place at your side, to tell you that the object you mourn as gone, still lives in a

future world. They tell you of the sweet breathings of peace and joy—of those interior influences which are the legitimate unfoldings of the harmonious and spiritual powers.

Silent but deep and powerful are the developments of progression; sweet and pure are the whisperings of those bright beings which fall upon the faint and sorrowing heart, and holy is the influence they impart to the weary and oppressed. The spirit, after its transition from the human organization, advances upward and retreats from the unrefined material to the refined essence of all interior elements; and its form is in a perfect correspondence with the nature of the substance from which the mind originated; and the force of the impelling power by which it is evolved, is the beautiful and harmonious blending of the sublimated emanations proceeding from the Divine Mind.

There are spirits whose capacities and qualities inherently attract them to the study of scientific principles; and they are actuated by an innate desire to endeavor to make discoveries in the fields of philosophical truth. Hence the highest and holiest thoughts supersede those which are lower and undeveloped; in consequence of which, such a spirit's advancement is more rapid and perfect than the spirit who confines itself to mere outward or common-place realities.

If there are principles and laws upon which the immortal mind can operate and produce demonstrations and proofs by which the human mind may recognize the identity of a friend long since departed to the realms of goodness and truth, is it a subject to be ridiculed and trifled with? or is it not worthy the most profound solemnity? If immortal spirits return to your homes, where oft their voices have been heard in grief or sadness, and manifest inherent affections and active and profound sympathies towards the loved ones yet dwelling in a world of affliction and sorrow, imparting to them pure and holy affections, should they be repulsed and called evil? or should they find a place within the human heart, where they may confidently entreat upon the human mind the unfoldings of an eternal progression, and infuse into your soul the glory and purity of its love and everlasting happiness?

If spirits who have become released from the trammels by which they were bound while in the human form, teach you of laws and principles in antagonism to your faith—if they tell you of their motives and desires, and prove to you the eternal individuality of all objects and forms animated by life and intelligence, and of the infinite and divine progression of the spiritual nature, should they be called undeveloped and demoniacal because they kindly tell you what they believe to be true? If immortal minds, who have preceded you to the spirit land, return to you and tell you of the necessity of a social reform, and give you laws by which you may work this reform, should such intelligences be traced to an evil source, or should it not prove the legitimate expression of noble and truly qualified minds?

I know that spirits hold that there are inconsistencies in your Bible: I know they deny the divinity of Jesus Christ; but may this not be true. I know that contradictory communications are received: but does this disprove the identity of the immortal soul, or the evidence of a spiritual existence? The teachings of Jesus Christ were high and holy, and had they been cherished in every bosom, there would not now be so many flattering voices and corrupt hearts. There are some who proclaim from the altar the glory and sublimity of Christ's teachings, whose exterior is fair, but the interior is the very dregs of corruption and wrong. Then, again, from the sacred sanctuary, there are minds who give vent to thoughts which proceed from a true and noble source; and they feel that they are doing their duty to mankind and to their God. Such minds impart a holy influence upon their followers; but they have no right to condemn any doctrine in opposition to their faith; for truth is the word of God, whether it comes from a true or undeveloped mind.

Then, if the simple rap is heard and it tells you of the holy gratitude of the soul, and tells you to base your belief upon the principles of nature and the universe, which bear perfect assimilation to the truths of God, ahn it not but receive what is given you generously and kindly. If you comprehend what is given, then it is truth. If you cannot comprehend it, then it will do you no good. Consequently, seek for other truths which you can appreciate and comprehend. The gentle yet irresistible power of the disembodied soul, has been made manifest, and there has been an effect of harmonious and pure aspirations produced, and the desolated bosom now seeks the elements of an inward life for consolation and solace. Philosophy is given you which is based upon reason and intellectual investigation; and when the human soul shall become sufficiently refined to be able to receive and realize the truth that the soul exists hereafter, then shall the everlasting beauty which enters every thought and impulse with hope and peace, be realized, and God shall be found to reside within and above all things, as the Father and Ruler of all.

Yours,
EDGAR C. DAYTON.

Spiritual Pharmacy.

I went to our Palmer Street Circle, at the residence of Miss BROOKS, on Sunday evening last, expecting a lecture from one of our regular exarante contributors. When we were seated around the table raps were heard. I inquired if we were to have a lecture. The response was, "No, we shall do something new to you." We were then directed to get a bowl and three smaller vessels of water and

place them on the table, so that the smaller vessels should surround and touch the larger one, and to reduce the light in the room to the mellowness of twilight. This was done; and then directions were received for Miss B. the medium, and Mr. D., who is also susceptible of spirit influence, to place each a finger in the bowl of water, (they sitting next each other) and for the rest to join hands with them, these thus forming a battery with each pole immersed in the central vessel of water.—As soon as this was done, the bowl started from the centre and passed out and around each of the other vessels, hitting them at every pass. These circulations and touchings were continued for some thirty or forty minutes, with variations, such as passing over to the hands of the several members of the circle, and moving off of the table and descending to the floor. In the last named performance, the mediums attempted to hold the bowl so that it should not fall; but when they did this, the weight of it seemed to be increased twenty fold, and they were taught that no such precaution was required of them. Thereafter the bowl was repeatedly let down to the floor and raised and replaced upon the table, with a single finger of each medium in the water, and without any other contact.

At the conclusion of this—as we presume—magnetizing process, the spirit directed that the piano should be turned front to the wall, the table put away, the two mediums to stand, one at one end and the other at the other end of the piano; that Miss T. should take the large vessel of water and sit down in a chair with it, holding one finger in the water, and that the remaining three should each take one of the smaller vessels and do likewise. This was complied with; and, probably to add fleetness to the wings of time, singing was called for and the piano was played for at least an hour, in most admirable style. Indeed, we had never heard such powerful operations on that instrument before, nor more artistic performance. King, the presiding spirit at Koons, was present and greeted us in very loud whispers through the trumpet, in which he distinctly articulated several names, my own name among the number. There were various other performances; one of which was writing a communication to us on the paper and with the pencil we placed on the table for the purpose. This communication was signed by King. I took such good care of it that I now cannot find it.

After thus beguiling the time till half-past ten o'clock, we were informed that the operations with the vessels of water were for the purpose of converting them into medicine for a sick lady, for whom Prof. DAYTON had prescribed through Miss T.; and she was directed to bottle that in the bowl by itself, and to leave the others standing till she should receive directions to bottle them separately. Then we were dismissed.

Lecture No. 11.—By Stephen R. Smith.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

SYMPATHY.

There is sought either in Heaven or on Earth which unfolds more gentle and sacred thoughts within the soul than the power of sympathy. It unfolds the fullness of the internal feelings, in language beautiful and glorious. It is a power which breaks upon the lonely spirit in grandeur and expansiveness, and the soul inculcates thoughts which originate from spontaneous communion with nature. It unfolds a social and spiritual harmony with a love of refinement and elevation. It seems conducive to the development of the spiritual and mental organization, and creates fine and noble feelings within the hardest heart. It creates emotions and impulses within the mind which open our souls to the grandeur of creation and welcome every thought which communicates truth and intelligence to the understanding.—It refines and spiritualizes the feelings and conduces to the more perfect appreciation of the laws and beauties of nature and of God.

Sympathy dwells not alone upon earth, its fragrance is felt in heavenly spheres where gentle minds are unfolded and refined by its calm and strengthening influence. It portrays to the understanding the thoughts, the sorrows and feelings of desolated and bereaved hearts, who sometimes feel that there is no happiness for them upon earth or in a higher state of existence. Sympathy is a missionary of cheerfulness and happiness. It seeks the lowest conditions of infancy. It seeks the bed side of the sick, reveals to the afflicted one, the glories of God, and speaks of holier sympathies dwelling in loftier minds, beyond the world of tears and pain. It follows the inanimate form to its last resting place, and, upon snowy pinions, is wafted to heaven, where the spirit seeks its way to a sunnier clime, where it will be free from toil and pain.

Though the human heart yields to the power of sympathy, yet there are, transplanted into that better world, richer and holier sympathies, which attract the spirits of the departed back to their friends, whom they left upon the lands of oppression and injustice, and breathe of hopes and joys that cultivate the intellect and elevate the mind. It comes with a beautiful force—a force which strikes deep at the root of religious bigotry, and draws the mind upwards to the important truths of God and nature.—When the page of humanity was stained with the blood of dying martyrs, sympathy shed its halo of light over their minds, and the last expiring breath told that happy thoughts dwell within the inmost soul at the moment of the spirit's transition from an ungracious world to its future and eternal home. When Christ bled upon the cross for the sake of mankind, and as the large drops of blood stole down his side, it drew from many hearts the evidences of sympathy, and He quietly expired to

awaken to the joys and beauties of a more glorious world. Then another it not, but let its genial influence be spread over the earth, and let all realize its power. It is an attribute of Deity and is a vivifying emanation of the Divine Mind. It inspires our sensibilities and animates our every thought. It is one of the principles and emotions which perpetually actuate the mind, and its tendency is to refinement and elevation. It occupies a position of superiority in the immortal mind; it is the truest and highest intellectual development of the spirit and is capable of causing the soul to enjoy the harmonies and teachings of the sublime truths. It has much to do with human progress and harmonization. It is an offspring of feeling affection and religious sentiment. A mind of large sympathies involuntarily yields to the law of love, and will infuse into other minds corresponding feelings and sentiments. Sympathy and affection create the deepest, highest and holiest desires in the mind to know more of the Author of its being. It is also a power of vital importance in spiritual intercourse; for it attracts the spirits of a higher existence on a corresponding plane of intellectual development with your own mind; and the messages they give are such as you can comprehend and appreciate. It is an element of the Great Positive Mind, and is boundless, unrestrained and incomprehensible.

Yours truly,
STEPHEN R. SMITH.

A kindly, though admonitory, hint.

Where there are a company of friends enjoying each others society and conversation, let each one respect the rights of all the others. Do not break in, abruptly, because you happen to think of something which you wish to say. Note it in your mind and wait till he or she has done. Nothing can be more disrespectful than the practice which is here reprobated. And when the proper time arrives for you to speak in your turn, think how many there are in the company, and occupy no more than your proportionate share of the time.

If one of the company happens to speak of a fit of sickness with which he or she has been visited, do not compel the whole company to listen to a detailed account, of one hour's length, of all the ills your flesh has been heir to. It is a matter of no moment to those who have to remain in silence, what year, what month, what day of the month, your first attack commenced, or what physician you sent for, or what he said when he came, or what he administered, or what effect it produced, or who was your nurse, or what your mother or grandmother thought about your surviving, or how often you were bled or blistered, or when the symptoms changed, or how long it was before you became convalescent. All these circumstances spin the account out to an unpardonable length. But when you get through with the details of an account and commence another, leaving no interval between, you become so absolutely intolerable that the toothache could be more patiently endured. We have been compelled to listen to such details till, if we could have had our choice, we would sooner have borne the sickness itself than the interminable account of it.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

This gentleman, in whose movements the public take no little interest, we understand, does not deny the truth of the rumor that he is to be matrimonially allied to a highly accomplished and prepossessing lady of Western New York, Miss MARY F. ROBINSON, well known and highly esteemed by many warm hearted friends in this city. She is now lecturing in this State with marked ability, on the needful Reforms of the day. Supposing the report to be true, we venture, in advance, to congratulate both parties—believing that, as co-workers and lecturers on the "Harmonical Philosophy" they will contribute essentially to the elevation and progress of mankind.

The friends of Mr. DAVIS and Miss ROBINSON will be much gratified to learn, that the above, which we take from the *Plain Dealer*, is correct. And it will be a source of congratulation to the many warm and sincere friends of Mr. DAVIS, to learn of the alliance, which will take place at some future, though not far distant, day.

Of Mr. DAVIS we can say no more than has been said, which could add to or diminish his esteem as a man.

Of Miss ROBINSON we may say that from the slight acquaintance we have had, that we have formed a favorable and high opinion. She was lecturing on the subject of the reforms of the age and the elevation of Woman. She is a beautiful speaker; her voice clear and musical—it breathes forth the aspirations of a loving heart for the elevation of her sex from mental and physical bondage under which they labor.

Spiritual Universe.

We hereby acknowledge the receipt, per Wednesday's mail, of the approbatory note and the remittance of our worthy friend, SETH HINSHAW, of Greensboro, Indiana; and we beg leave to assure him that we are not less grateful for the former than we are for the latter.

Our readers and friends will please to recollect that Rev. C. HAMMOND will be here and lecture for us on the afternoon and evening of Sunday next.

No charge for admittance.

Circles for spiritual manifestations are held every Sabbath morning, at the Hall of Temperance, Kremlin Block, where the society hold their meetings.

When we get our paper enlarged, we shall have one page to spare to advertisers; and no paper will have a wider circulation.

Correspondence of the Spiritual Telegraph.

Formation of Spirit-hands.

While I am now writing I will take occasion to make a few remarks about the subject of spirit-hands, that has been talked about so much in your Conferences. I take pleasure in reading that part of your paper; I can there read human nature. It is really curious to see how men will differ on the same subject. I am partially developed as a medium myself; and while I was magnetized a few evenings since, the question was asked me, "How the hands were formed?" I then gave a sort of explanation. I present it to you for criticism, that is, if the theory I present is worthy of it.

It was represented to my mind after the manner of galvanizing daguerrean plates. (I am an artist by trade.) I was one day arranging my battery for galvanizing. I placed a plate in the solution to be galvanized. I found when I looked at it, instead of its being silvered over, what silver was on it was nearly all taken off. At first I did not discover the cause, as I placed the plate on the other pole of the battery, and soon there was a heavy deposit of silver. This circumstance was presented to my mind as an illustration of the manner in which the spirit-hand is formed. The solid silver by the action of electricity on the anode, is dissolved and is held in solution, and by the same current of electricity is deposited on the opposite pole of the battery, where the plate is hung to receive the silver, and the silver on the plate where it is deposited, is just as firm as it was on the anode from which it was taken by the current of electricity.

Now the operation of forming the hand was represented as occurring on the same principle that involved the deposit on the silver plate, and that there were three kinds of electricity acting upon the same principle: one is vegetable electricity, by the means of which all vegetation is formed by the same mode that the silver is deposited upon the plate. Vegetable matter is deposited in all various forms by that kind of electricity. Then there is a mineral electricity which will decompose solid materials, and deposit them again in any form we wish by proper arrangements. Then there is animal electricity which will deposit animal matter in the various forms of animals, as vegetable electricity does vegetation. Man, by a knowledge of the laws of vegetation, can force their growth and bring them to maturity by artificial means sooner than nature produces them; so spirits, by a knowledge of the laws of depositing animal matter, can produce a deposit in less time than the natural growth, by artificial means, and the principle they use is the same as with silver, only with a different kind of electricity, the circle being the anode from which the material is taken; the spirit-hand is the plate on which the deposit is made, and the atmosphere is the solution in which the material is held until it is deposited by electricity. As electricity will pervade matter and deposit bone as well as flesh, we may infer that bone is also decomposed and enters into the deposit of the hand as well as the flesh—the exhalation of our bodies would produce material in the course of an evening from a circle to produce a hand. It may be that the hand is formed by only a part of that which comes from the body, it combining with other matter that is in the room; but the idea was given me that it was actually flesh and bones temporarily taken from the circle, and could be as quickly decomposed as formed, by a reversal of the same principle or process.

To make the thing more clear, I will give the answer I give to another question. A Miss Place, in Lockport, while writing under spiritual influence, had some doubts as to its being spirits; she says to herself, "If I could see blood upon the paper," as she had read of such a manifestation, "I would believe." In a few moments after she felt something wet on her hand; she looked and saw fresh blood; she dropped her pencil, and being frightened went into the other room and told her parents. They all saw it. The question was asked me how that blood came there, and the answer was this: "I saw before my mind electric rays passing crosswise through her hand, like rays of light through a sun-glass converging to a focus; and as it passed through, it took upon it small particles of blood, which were deposited at the focal point; or, electrically speaking, where the plate is placed to receive the silver in the battery. It seems that these phenomena are done on material principles. Animal electricity acts so naturally upon the human system that we are not aware of its influence; so blood or flesh may be taken from us by that process in small quantities and we not be aware of it. I can not say the case is exactly analogous to the galvanic battery, but as near so as the electricities resemble each other, being a little different in their nature. It may be supposed that the conditions of their action may differ as their natures differ, and yet come under the same general rule." Now, sir, the above being given to me in this manner, I would like to see how it would bear criticism by the more advanced in these matters. I do not vouch for the truth of this, but it seems to me at present as being one way to explain the phenomena. When I am magnetized I almost always have an answer to these knotty questions, but I do not know how they would bear criticism. I would like to be situated so as to be tested in these matters; we have no scientific men here that take any interest in them. In looking over I see that I have not written or expressed my meaning as well as I might.

Department at Spiritual Circles.

We take the liberty to make the following extract from a private letter addressed to us by a female friend, in reply to an inquiry sent her at the Literary Depot, Post-Office, whether she would consent to be a member of

a circle organized by spirits, hers being one of the names selected by them:

"I have no objection to becoming a member of a circle of honest-minded, earnest-seeking investigators, who will feel it obligatory on them to treat elevated spirits, out of the form, in the gentlemanly and ladylike manner in which well bred people treat similar spirits in the form. It has been my misfortune, on some occasions, to find myself seated among pretending investigators, who indulged in conduct which would be discourteous and offensive to any person of correct and elevated sentiments and feelings, still inhabiting this mundane sphere. I have no fellowship with long-faced sanctimoniousness, and object not to the cheerful smile and good-humored laugh, even in spiritual circles; but coarse jests reflecting on the failure of the spirits to manifest their presence, teasing them with frivolous questions and manifestations of impudence, and slyly counterfeiting their rappings and tipplings, would repulse all those that are elevated; if there were legions of them. Where such things are enacted, there none but undeveloped spirits may be expected to manifest themselves, and there I cannot consent to waste my time.

Respectfully Yours,

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We copy the following beautiful and seasonable production of JAYNE'S pen, from his latest publication, entitled: "Wolfert's Roost and other papers, now first collected." HAWES has it for sale.

The Birds of Spring.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch, and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, I have derived considerable entertainment from sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have, during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little red-capped bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering forecast of soft weather. He sang early in the morning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarkable. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the fabled-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long, dubious voyage, the field birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashing the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty-pinnings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain; to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcome of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visitors, who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Peewee, or Peewee, or Phebe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snow-drop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. "The Phebe birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the blue-bird so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He socially approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity. But why should I attempt to describe him, when I have Wilson's own graphic verses to place him before the reader?

When winter's cold tempests and storms are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrowed fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are steering;

When first the low butterfly flits on the wings
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the blue-bird the herald of spring,
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

The loud-piping robins make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine and warm grows the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spice-wood and cassinias budding together,

O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair
Your walks border up, and plant at your leisure:
The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He fits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers, wherever they be,
And seizes the catfish that lurk in their bow-soums.

He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from the weeds where they dwell;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter

The ploughman is pleased when he gleams in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him.

The slow lingering school-boys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent, as he warbles before them

In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little listener seems to adore him.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in its estimation, is the Bobolink, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-briar and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility, all enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song, when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long fluting weed, and as he rises and soars with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows the Bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbled in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin, was doomed to be mewed up, during the living day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room! It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

Sweet bird! thy tower is ever green;
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring!

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song, and taste and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; duffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand," with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Bobolink no more—he is the Reed-bird now, the much sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the orotol! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every nifty fiddler in the country is blowing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform?—Alas, no! he is incorrigible epicure! again he wings his way. The rice swamps of the south are now his haunts. He forces himself among them, and he can scarcely fly for corpulence. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous Rice-bird of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Bobolink; once spirited, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally a gross little sensualist who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

Which is all at present, from the well-wisher of little boys and little birds,
GEOFFREY CHATWIN.

Revelations of the Barometer.

An interesting communication was recently addressed to the French Minister of War by M. LeMecat, a chemist of Saint Brigne, in relation to a series of observations on the modifications which the atmosphere experiences from the cannonades that take place. These observations were made every three hours, and had reference particularly to the cannonades of Odessa, of the battle of Alma, of the day of the 6th of October, (cannon fired at the invaders) of the opening of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and of the day of the 25th of October. M. LeMecat says:

I hope to be able to establish that the barometer is not, as is commonly thought, an instrument merely intended to indicate rain and fine weather, but a mobile apparatus, exclusively sensitive, which places us in communication with all great atmospheric phenomena.

What is remarkable in this instrument is, that at from 600 to 800 leagues of distance an impression is produced on it, in a few hours, by the discharge of cannon. Observed with care and intelligence, it cannot fail, in circumstances to become of the highest utility in time of war.

I have no occasion to apprise you of the commencement of the bombardment of Sebastopol, as you have already received the news of it officially, but I will announce to you with a certainty which will not be believed by the facts, that the day before yesterday (25th of October) a cannonade such as has not taken place during the year which is about to elapse, even comprising those of the siege of Silistria and of the bombardment of Odessa, commenced in the morning before Sebastopol.

Be good enough to cast your eye over the table that I send you. You will see that there, in 48 hours the barometer rose 30 millimetres; and that the figure which represents this rise, comparatively to those produced by the other bombardments, is almost vertical, an index with the other signs by which it is accompanied of the intensity of the action of the cannonade.

In a few days you will receive from Sebastopol news of the 25th, which will give you full information of what had occurred on that day, which has proved, I have no doubt, one of the most memorable of the whole campaign.

Every reader of the news from the Crimea is aware that the great battle of Balaklava was fought on the 25th of October. The above letter imports to have been written in France but two days subsequently.

Women and Temperance.

Do the wives, daughters, sisters and mothers of the country, sufficiently reflect on their responsibility in regard to the habits of their husbands, brothers, sons, or friends? Do they know that their influence, if rightly exerted, would be more potent than all the laws that ever were or can be passed? If they do not know this they should reflect, and learn the fact. Every young woman should firmly resolve to have no social intimacy with any young man, who in any degree, uses intoxicating drinks. In the first glass, there lurks a lurking devil, that beckons the youth on to destruction. In the wine cup at parties, passed by delicate hands, lies hidden a serpent that may coil around the unsuspecting youth and bind him to a doom worse than a thousand deaths. Oh, how can any woman thus tempt those to the broad road to ruin, who are sure to make some woman, miserable, more miserable than themselves? One glass may be the turning point of a young man's destiny. Withhold, then, your hand, from giving it. Exert your influence to prevent his taking it. Take the bold stand, that you do not consider the society of men who use intoxicating drinks safe for you. Discontinence, it entirely, at home and abroad, in the drawing-room, the ball-room and the festive hall. Make a prohibitory law unto yourselves, that shall banish it forever from you and yours.—*Spiritual Universe.*

The Mother.

It has been truly said—The first being that rushes on the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and his affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardness induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave—but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

Bishop Potter—His Mode of Assisting Feeble Churches—The Church of St. Xavier in New York—Bishop Ives—History of his Conversion to Romanism—How Mrs. Ives was Converted—The Report of their Poverty Contradicted.

[Correspondence of the Boston Journal.]

NEW YORK, March 6, 1855.

Learning that Bishop Potter was to preach in the upper part of the city, and having a desire to hear him, I visited the church on Lexington Avenue and Thirty-fifth street on Sunday evening. Bishop Potter has preached but three times, I believe, in New York city, since his consecration. He has not yet preached to any of our large churches. He has taken a deep interest in feeble churches, and those societies called missionary societies. These he visits; to these he preaches; and the people of New York are anxious to see and hear the new head of the Episcopal church, crowds flock to hear him, and as an offering is taken up for the benefit of these feeble churches, great good is done to them, in a pecuniary point of view, as well as that afforded by his presence and cooperation.

Bishop Potter is a tall man, very slim and spare—one in whom the intellectual abounds much above the physical; his hair is very gray. He is apparently about fifty years of age, with a grave and dignified aspect, and a somewhat slow but impressive delivery, with a full rounded voice, and an occasional minor tone that thrills the hearer like a solemn strain of music. He seems, as he speaks,

"Much impressed himself."

As if conscious of his awful charge.

And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds should feed him too.

As I am looking at this great city as it appears, I accompanied a friend on Sunday afternoon to the church of St. Xavier (Jesuit). It is a Jesuit institution. You have a similar institution in Boston, in the Church, in Endicott street.

These institutions are complete in themselves. They have a head of their own. They are responsible to no power but the head of the order at Rome. The Bishop of each diocese can silence the preacher, and close the Jesuit church, subject to an appeal to headquarters at Rome. But while they act at all, the Jesuits do so on their own responsibility. All strangers go to this church; it is crowded on all occasions. No one sits in it free—fifteen cents is paid for a seat by rich and poor, and the gain is large, as it is a large church, and is constantly crowded.

The church is grand in the extreme; it is ornamented with gilt and fiery like a North-river steamboat, or Wallack's theatre. It has one large painting behind the altar of Loyola, the patron saint of the church, while Mary, the Virgin, occupies quite a subordinate place, being the form of a small statue placed on one side, resting on a pedestal. The painting represents Loyola as about to be taken into Heaven, borne up by several angels, one of whom shows more bare limbs than modesty or classical propriety seems to require; and who, from the mischievous cast of his countenance, seems to be shaking the dust off of his feet, while he is also shaking defiance at some unseen enemy left below.

The twelve little boys who usually attend the priest within the altar are clothed in scarlet robes, over which is worn a short kind of sack of white muslin, and on their heads are placed a small square red cloth cap. The great attraction of this church is the music. It is said to be excellent in no place out of Rome. The choir is composed of twelve persons, trained in the most perfect manner, with voices of power and beauty such as can seldom be heard; and as most of the service is by the choir, and the music is from the best of the old composers, you may judge that it must be superb. The house was so crowded that we could not see even the choir. They are placed in a high loft, almost up to the roof, far above the gallery.

I was invited to enter the singing gallery. I had presented to me a seat that commanded the whole auditory. The music was superior to any I ever before heard in any church. The organ was played in a most masterly manner by one who also led the choir, who sung a distinct part, and was in all respects competent to his task. No commander on a field has men under such control as this organist had his singers, and they sang steadily by the half hour, including a line or two of prose occasionally by the priest at the altar. But I must confess, while I enjoyed the music, I could not divest myself of the idea that I was at the opera, and not in a church. Nor was there anything within the choir or the altar to dissolve the illusion.

I see that the report of Bishop Ives's poverty has reached your city and been published in one or more of your papers. The history of Bishop Ives is a peculiar one. He married a daughter of the late Bishop Hobart, and that, concerning that great man is held in peculiar veneration by the churches in the middle and southern states. Bishop Ives probably owes his elevation to the Bishopric of North Carolina to his family connections. He is not a strong-minded man, but one of great amiability. He was especially stirred by the Oxford Tracts. A new life seemed to be infused into the established Church by the Tractarians. A regard for the poor and destitute, the sick and neglected classes, followed those papers.

A want so long felt among many, to make religion a more practical thing, was apparently realized. Dr. Ives was affected. But he was greatly moved by his personal friend, Rev. John Murray Forbes, now a Catholic clergyman of New York, then an Episcopal clergyman by profession, though not one in reality.

Dr. Forbes was rector of a respectable church called St. Luke's situated in Hudson street.

It was not a fashionable church. His tendency towards Rome had been long apparent. He had in his church a sort of confessional, in which persons were invited, not in name, but those who wished a personal conversation with him on religion. To this place Bishop Ives often went, before his inclinations to Popery were manifest to the public. He visited Rome, and became a member of the Roman church.

His wife resisted for a long time all the influences brought to bear upon her. Among other means used to win converts to the Papal church is an establishment or retreat to which persons are invited who have any inclination towards this faith, or whom the faithful feel it to be their special duty to win over. To this retreat Mrs. Ives was invited. It was an elegant abode. Delicious music awoke her in the morning. Elegant and fragrant gardens lay open before her recreation. Refined and elegant ladies honored her with their society. The most delicate and tender attentions were bestowed upon her. Not one word was said about the Catholic faith. It was, however, daily set before her in various ways in the most attractive forms that could be devised. All that was repulsive was carefully excluded.

Thus she lived with her husband who was preparing to make his submission to the Roman Church, to yield up his Episcopal staff, and allow it to be hung beside the altar of Rome.

Mrs. Ives was a woman of warm and affectionate sympathies. She was devotedly attached to her husband, and at length yielded to the influences of the hour and bowed with her husband at the same altar. They came back to New York; Bishop Ives published his book; it fell stillborn from the press. It is allowed on all hands to be a feeble re-issue of the old arguments for the claims of the Roman Church. This book proves that little can be expected from his pen. His marriage forbids his entering the sacred calling.

He has a post of literary connection with an institution near New York. But he has earned neither position nor fame by his change. But no one here credits the story of his poverty. His new friends would not allow it. It would be a shame to them. The connections of his wife are very wealthy, and would cheerfully support them both if necessary. It is supposed that Dr. Ives is not exactly in his right mind. He may imagine that he is a great sinner, and that some penance may be necessary; he may wear poor old clothes, and appear destitute and forsaken. But that he is in want, or has no support, or that he must be, no one believes; at least those so say who have the best means of knowing.

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CYRUS P. LEE, Secy. and Treas.
Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-1m

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